

THE

ALAMODE MUSICIAN

*Being a new Collection of Songs,
Compos'd by some of the most
Eminent Masters, & Ingrav'd from
the Originalls, with a through Bass
for the Harpsichord, or Bass-Violl,
and for the easier playing & Trebles
upon the Flute, each Song is transpos'd
(where necessary) to a Key proper for
that Instrument.*

*Sould by Henry Playford at his Shop in
the Temple Chaunge Fleet Street. 1698*

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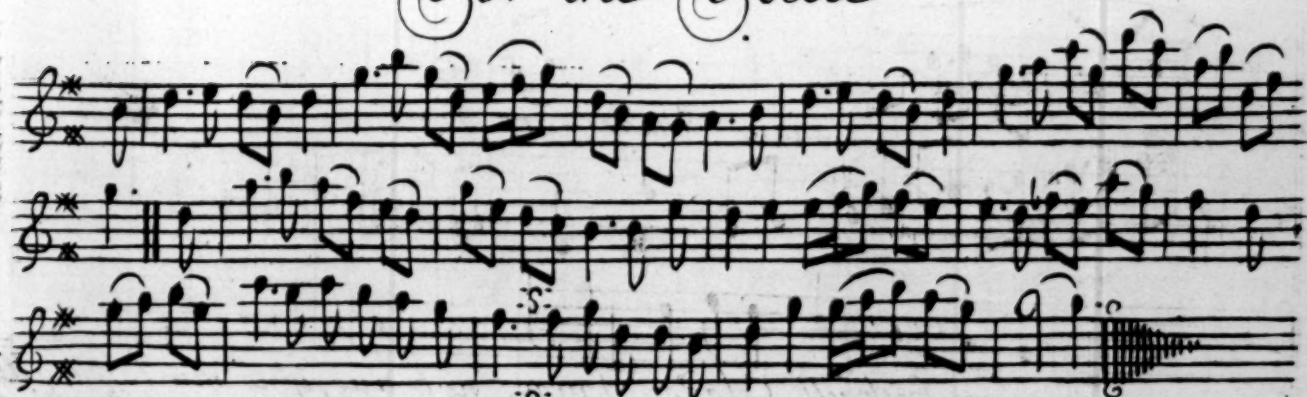
A new Song set by M^r. Forcer.



Farewell my useless Scrip, & poor unheed'd flocks, No more you'll
round me trip, nor cloath me with your Locks, Feed by yon purling
Stream where Jockey, where Jockey first I knew, I only think, I only
think, I only think on him, I cannot, cannot, cannot think on you.

*Farewell each Shepherdess the bonny Lads adieu,
 May each his Wish possess and to that Wish be true,
 Your Oaten Pipes could please but Jockey then was kind,
 Your bonny Tunas may Cease the Lad has Chang'd his mind.*

For the Flute



Sould by Henry Playford at his Shop in y^e Temple-Change Fleet-street
 (num 5)

Portendans or
A Song in the Comedy call'd the Town Unmask'd
Set by M^r. Iohn Eccles Sung by M^s. Bowman

The musical score is written on ten systems of two staves each. The notation is in a historical style, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing on the top staff and others on the bottom staff of a system. The lyrics are: "All things seem deaf, seem deaf to my Complaints, All things seem deaf to my Complaints, in Vaine I roa in the groves alone, in Vaine I roa in the groves alone; Hear me, hear me ye Loves, ye Loves departed Swains, that to Eli zian Shades are gon, hear me, hear me ye Loves departed Swains, that to Eli zian Shades are gon, If to my faithfull Celadon I prove not true, if to my faithfull". The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines. There are also some markings like "f" for forte and "S." for a section. The handwriting is in a cursive style, typical of 17th-century manuscripts.

All things seem deaf, seem deaf
f to my Complaints, All things seem deaf
f to my Complaints, in Vaine I roa in the groves a
lone, in Vaine I roa in the groves alone; Hear me, hear me ye
Loves, ye Loves departed Swains, that to Eli zian
Shades are gon, hear me, hear me ye Loves departed Swains, that to E
li zian Shades are gon,
If to my faithfull Celadon I prove not true, if to my faithfull

Celadon I prove not true; Let it be both our dooms, let it be both our dooms.

let it be both our dooms, let it be both our dooms never to com to you, never to com to you.

let it be both our dooms, never to com to you, no no no no no no no no no no no never never

never never never, no never to com to you, no never never never never never, no never to com to you

For the Flute

Sold by Henry Playford at his shop in y^e Temple Change Fleetstreet

A new Song set by M^r. Barrett.

How wretched, how wretched is our

Fate, to Love, when doom'd, when doom'd to Love in Vain, or Sighs &

Tears successless Prove, & in the fair no Passions move, but hatred and Disdain.

Ah dear Siberga, Did you, did you, did you know what Torments I endure you

more Compassionate wou'd grow, & some kind tender pity show, my Wild despair to

Cure, my Wi.....ld despair to Cure.

To you my Heart I've Sacrific'd, to Sigh, to bleed, to bleed, to burn. For you the World I

have despis'd, you as my Goddess Idoliz'd, and am by you by you undone, &

am by you, & am by you, by you, by you undone.

*A new Song set by M^r. Jeremiah Clark Sung by
M^s. Champion at the Theater in Dorset Garden*

Long has Pastora

rul'd the Plain, long, long, long

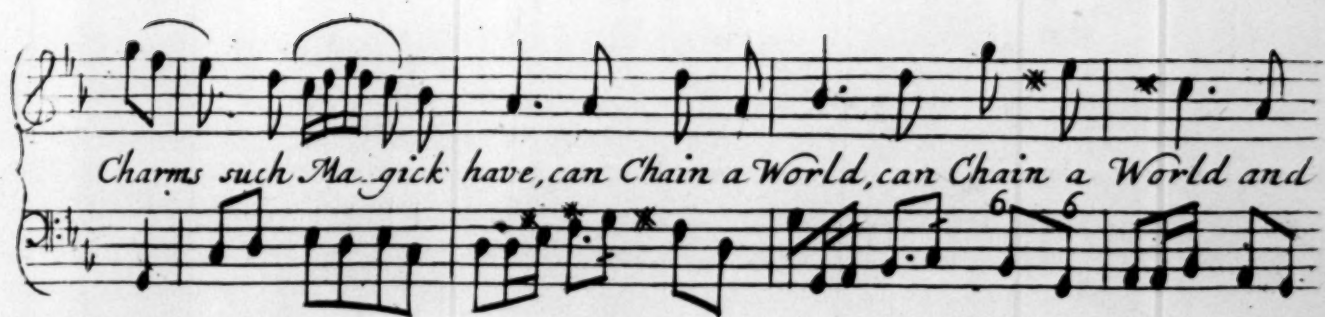
has Pastora rul'd the Plain, the Dayly Song, the

Dayly Song of every Sighing, every Sighing Swain, in

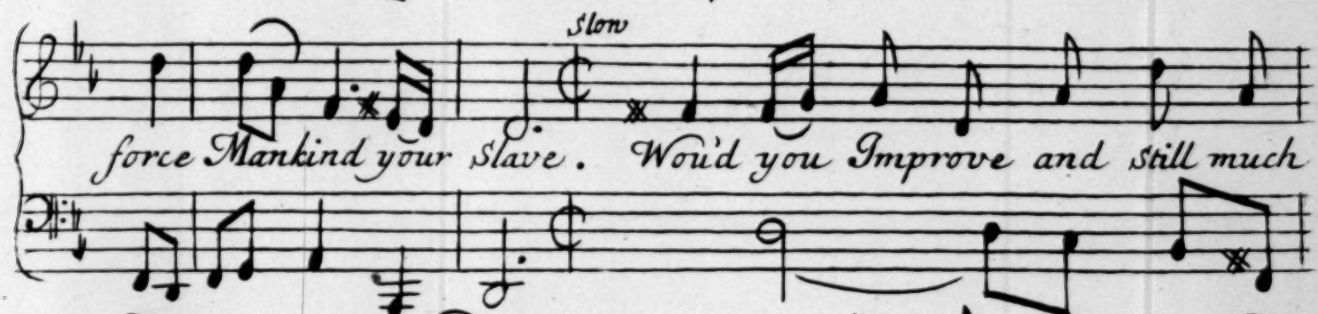
Softest notes, in Softest notes all tell their Tender Love, each

Strives in Vain, each Strives in Vain Pastoras Brest to move,

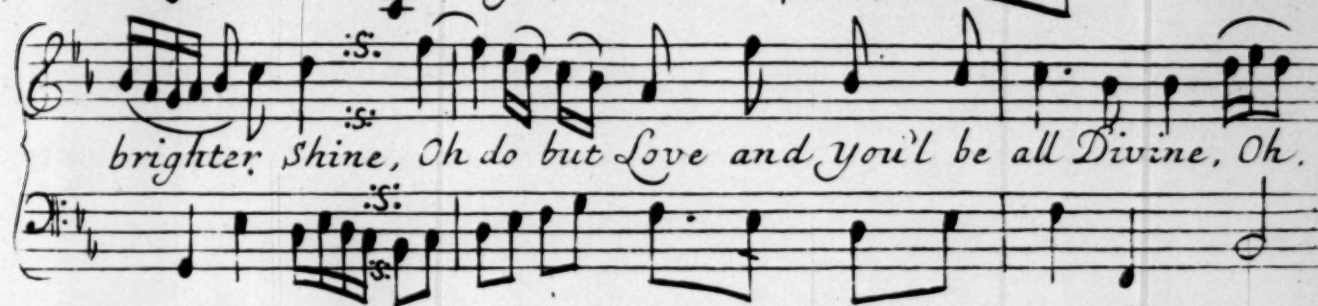
Ah happy, happy Nymph, Ah happy, happy Nymph, whose



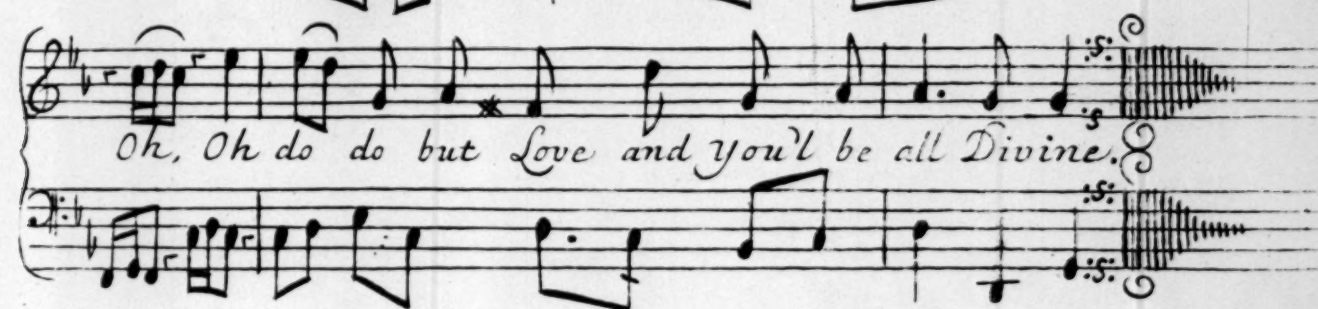
Charms such Ma-gick have, can Chain a World, can Chain a World and



force Mankind your Slave. Would you Improve and still much



brighter Shine, Oh do but Love and you'll be all Divine, Oh.



Oh, Oh do do but Love and you'll be all Divine.

For the Flute



Sold by Henry Playford at his Shop in y^e Temple-Chance Fleet-street
(nu 2)

*A new Song upon a lost Heart, the words
by M^{rs}. Child Set by M^r. Wilford.*

*Return; return thou wand- ring Guest. return
return to thy forsaken Breast, forsaken Breast, fond Heart why
dost thou Still pursue, a fate which will thy peace undoe.
fond Heart why dost thou still pursue, a fate which will
thy peace undoe, thy peace undoe. How ill have
Strangers treated thee, with va- rious kinds of
treachery, yet thou as pleas'd with thy undoing dost vainly
fly to meet thy ruine ^{1st strain} again*

Oh dost thou hope at last to find a Breast that's Constant

Soft & kind, if that a lone crowns thy desire, then to thy

own thou must retire, if that a lone Crowns thy desire, then

to thy own thou must retire, end with the first Strain.

For the Flute.

first strain again

end with the first strain

Sould by Henry Playford at his Shop in the Temple Change Fleet Street. (num. 3)

*A new Song in the Fatall Devorse, set by
M^r Daniel Purcell, Sung by M^s Linsey.*

O-----O Hymen must we, must we allway's see, Perjur'd Man thus faithless
be, and still still secretly sli-----ght, Securely slight our Deity, must Vows &
Oaths to us be Swore, and then be never, never, never, then be never, never,
never, never, never, never thought on more, must Vows & Oaths to us be Swore, &
then be never, never, never, never thought on more.
In Vain, in Vain, In Vain, in Vain our Votrys Seek our Aid, In Vain, in
Vain, In Vain, in Vain, In Vain, in Vain ----- our Votrys Seek our
Aid; In Vain, in Vain our Votrys Seek our Aid; In Vain, in

Vain - - - our Votrys seek our Aid, if thus, thus, thus, if thus, thus,

thus, they still must be betraid if thus, thus, thus, if thus, thus, thus, if

thus, thus, thus they still must be betraid, if thus, thus, thus, if thus, thus, thus, if

thus, thus, thus, they still must be betraid.

For the Flute

Sould by Henry Playford at his Shop in y^e Temple Change Fleet-street (Num 4)

*A New Song the words by Cap^t
Walker set by Mr. Courteville,*

The Charms of bright Beauty so Pow-

erfull Art for that wee make

Peace and for that wee make War, then tell me no more,

no more, then tell me no more, no more of Reli-gion and

Laws, your Cant of Injustice your good and bad Cause, your

Con-quest your Con-quest

your Conquest and Tri-

umphs your Captives and Spoyles, cou'd

never incite me, no never, could never incite me, could

never incite me, to Hazardous toyles, could never incite me,

to Hazardous toyles. To be great wise and

wealthy, I never would chuse, should the Nymph I adore

should the Nymph I adore her Favours refuse.

But let my Eugenia be faithfull, and kind, ille weather the

Winter and weary the wind, ille Ra- - - - vage the

Seas, ille Ra- - - - vage the Seas the Earth and the

Air and Com... bate for Her

Slow

even Death, even Death, Death and Dispair.

For the Flute

Sould by Henry Playford at his Shop in the Temple Change Fleet-street

(Num 6)



